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THE FALL OF THE CHAMPION.

And the great lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke
As falls on Mount Auvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread,
And the pale augurs, murmuring low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

Macaulay.

That culminating punch in the fourteenth round, landing over the heart of Corbett, ended a fight, destroyed a champion and demolished a theory. The fight it ended was without doubt the greatest ring contest since Corbett, now defeated, beat, by the utilization of his still unparalleled skill, the most indomitable of all modern pugilists, John L. Sullivan. Since the battle which made him champion Corbett has met no man worthy of his fists until yesterday.

The fight thus ended was well and honestly fought. No quibbling about fouls, no cowardly evasion of the issue of the combat, no lack of skill nor any bodily weakness on the part of either combatant affected the issue. It was a plucky battle of skilled gladiators, who this morning are equally hale of physique, though one, perhaps, is materially better off in pocket. Perhaps the congregation at the ringside may offer some reason for criticism of the ethics of the ring, but the enormous crowds about the Journal's bulletins—crowds exceeding in numbers those on the night of the Presidential election—afforded sufficient evidence that the interest in a great pugilistic battle is not confined to any class of society, but spreads among all. Perhaps prize fighting is brutal, but, after all, man is the most brutal of all brutes. Man alone kills for sport—for the lust of slaughter. Man only, among all animals, plans for his own profit or amusement battles, battles of ships or of cocks, of armies or of dogs, of nations or of men. It is necessary to take cognizance of the nature of man when we try to judge his interest in the exploits of the prize ring.

The theory which the victory of Fitzsimmons has destroyed is that boxing is a science. We have long suspected this, despite the earnest assertions to the contrary of great authorities, ranging from Professor Donovan down to Oliver Wendell Holmes. We may dismiss for the future that "delicate young man," with an "intellectual countenance," "slight features and sub-pallid complexion," whom the Autocrat made to strip off a silk shirt and straightway knock out a "big one" with "broad shoulders." "Feinting, dodging, countering, hitting, stopping"—all these things the literary observer of the manly art of self-defence made his hero do, and therewith won victory. But all these things Corbett can do with consummate skill, and he has met defeat. Every boxer applauded him, but he goes down before brute strength.

All classes of men—we had almost said all men—have watched the progress of this struggle for primacy in American fistic circles. Those who observed it from a purely technical standpoint must be convinced that brawn rather than brain won the day, that boxing is little more of a science than butting would be if that effective way of exerting physical strength had been raised to the plane of a "manly sport." As for those who regard it with the tolerant gaze of philosophical observers of the manners and customs of their fellow men, they must have seen that no non-political event of the last half decade has so greatly engaged the attention of the people as this well-fought fight in which the great Corbett fell.

ROOSEVELT GETS AN INKLING.

Most persons who have taken the trouble to study Mr. Theodore Roosevelt have reached the conclusion that he really has no idea of how he is regarded by the people of this city. They argue that this must be so because he is a man of intelligence, and if he knew how he stands he would be wise and prudent enough to alter his course. If that is so, and if Mr. Roosevelt be not too completely blinded by vanity to see when the thing to be seen is held up before his eyes, the public may expect soon to discover a radical change in his methods and his views.

At a meeting of the Social Reform Club, after he had delivered a self-laudatory address on the subject of the police force, Mr. Moses Oppenheimer very courageously ventured to tell some truths about police administration under the present Board of Commissioners. They were, of course, very unpalatable truths to Mr. Roosevelt, whose satisfaction with himself naturally shrinks severely when it comes into contact with the facts; but they were truths, for all that, and the other members of the club applauded Mr. Oppenheimer's utterance of them. Whereupon, as was to have been expected, Mr. Roosevelt lost his temper and began to rave. To show how completely his anger abolished his discretion, it is necessary only to say that he cited the Seeley trial as evidence of his excellence as a police officer, entirely forgetting that the outcome of that case was an indictment of the entire Police Board. And this was as near as he came to answering Mr. Oppenheimer's scathing arraignment.

But perhaps, when he cooled off, Mr. Roosevelt realized that Mr. Oppenheimer merely voiced the opinions of the public as to Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Roosevelt's ideas. It is to be hoped he did, for in that case he will try to mend his ways.

PROSPECTS OF CHEAP GAS.

It need scarcely be said that the Journal has made a bitter fight to procure the passage of the Cantor-Laimbeer bill, providing for dollar gas, with a conservative municipal supervision. It has remitted no effort in trouble and expense to prove by scientific testimony before the legislative committees that such a reduction is not only practicable but perfectly consistent with a reasonable profit for the gas companies. Believing, as it does, that the true outcome of the gas supply question is municipal ownership, it has striven, failing this, to reduce the extravagant profits of gas manufacture for the benefit of the people.

The dominant majority in the Legislature has played with this question in a spirit of reckless indifference. The Gas Trust seems to own the Legislature, body and soul, and it has only shown a disposition to make, and then reluctantly, a concession which is the merest trifling with so important a question. The gas bill reported to the Senate yesterday by the Committee on Miscellaneous Corporations merely provides for a graduated reduction of 5 cents per annum till the dollar limit is reached, and this, too, without any municipal supervision. This frivolous measure, designed as a sop to public opinion, is put forward to take the place of the bill for dollar gas. It indicates, however, unerringly that the upholders of the Gas Trust are quite conscious of its rascally brigandage. The new bill is, indeed, the Brooklyn agreement, which the Brooklyn companies months ago volunteered to put in force to stave off just such a bill as the Cantor-Laimbeer measure.

The attitude of the gas robbers and their legislative pals will probably defeat this reasonable and honest bill. It will surely be one of many things leading to the ultimate ownership of gas plants by municipalities. All argument of fact and principle is on the side of this course, and it cannot be evaded by legislative chicanery. The chance given to the gas companies to do justice to the people and rest contented with what would even then be a handsome profit will not always be conceded. By adopting the Cantor-Laimbeer bill the companies might have prolonged their profitable operations, but we believe it will be another case of killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

PETTIGREW'S ANTI-TRUST PROPOSITION.

Senator Pettigrew, having evidently studied to good purpose Henry George's plan to destroy the trusts, as recently put forward by Mr. George in the Journal, has devised an admirable and probably effective expedient to the same end. Agreeing with Mr. George that most trusts owe their existence to special privileges which generally take the form of taxation, and accepting the obvious conclusion that the only possible way to deprive them of existence is to withdraw their privileges, Senator Pettigrew intends to offer an amendment to the new tariff providing that such articles as are controlled by trusts and combinations shall be admitted free of duty upon proper proof of the fact.

The Senator calls attention to the argument which would justify high protection by showing that it fosters American industries, and by stimulating competition in the home market eventually reduces prices to the consumer. He admits its force, but points out that when protection enables grown-up "infant industries" to form combinations to raise prices it loses the benefit of this, the only argument for high tariff, and stands without any justification whatever. It follows, therefore, as nobody seriously denies, that trusts are an unmitigated evil, that wherever the tariff helps trusts the only thing to do is to remove the tariff.

The difficulty with Senator Pettigrew's plan, as he himself understands, will be to determine whether trusts do or do not exist. But as the Pettigrew amendment provides that this question of fact shall be settled by the courts, the difficulty will be more apparent than real, for importers will naturally become detectives of evidence against the trusts, and, having gathered it, will be able to apply for exemption from duty on the trust-controlled articles.

Altogether, Mr. Pettigrew's plan seems to be practicable, and if it becomes law it will very likely go far toward a solution of this pressing but puzzling problem.

MORE NEW TRUSTS.

News reaches us from Chicago that, following the example of other manufacturing industries, the steel car wheel companies of the country are now negotiating a combination to control prices and distribute their output. Six of the most prominent American companies have already reached an agreement, and they are besieging the three of most importance left to join hands with them in this attempt to control a vast interest.

A conservative estimate of the cost of car wheels annually used in this country, aside from street car lines, would be $50,000,000. Of this amount $20,000,000 would probably be represented by the steel car wheel interest. Adding to this $5,000,000, which may be credited to the tramway system, we have an approximate output of $25,000,000 in steel car wheels. The only foreign rival of the American manufacturers is Krupp, and the report of the projected enterprise mentions him as one of the syndicate. The duty on car wheels, steel tires and billets, from which steel tires are rolled, remains practically the same as in the McKinley bill, and somewhat greater than the rate of the Wilson bill. Should the Car Wheel Trust fully materialize it will control pretty effectually the whole steel car wheel business. It may be added that the railroads do not look with favor on such an outlook of a very important branch of railway supplies.

This project is but one of many which will promptly take shape in case the McKinley bill passes Congress, as seems now a pretty sure prospect, in spite of the bitter dissatisfaction of hosts of conservative Republicans. On its rich soil these evils will spring profusely. It is the inexorable result of this kind of legislation that it not only injuries the interests of trade and manufactures per se, but that it creates the conditions which make a great crop of other commercial ills inevitable.

"A HOUSE DIVIDED."

As has been inevitable since the moment the Republican party gained, temporarily, supreme domination in New York State, the members of the machine have fallen to quarrelling among themselves over the spoils. Messrs. Black, Aldridge and Payn, representing the rural division, are arrayed in full war paint against Messrs. Lauterbach, Odell and Gibbs, who control Republican affairs in Greater New York. Lauterbach and Black want to succeed Senator Murphy; Odell and Aldridge want to succeed Governor Black, and Gibbs and Payn are candidates for succession to Boss Platt, who grows old and weary and will probably soon wrap himself up in the seclusion that the Senate grants.

It is a very pretty fight, as it stands. But the advantage seems to be with the country contingent. Patronage is the irresistible weapon in wars of politics, and Black and Aldridge and Payn have the patronage. Among them they have about $20,000,000 to scatter among the leaders and followers, to say nothing of offices innumerable. Lauterbach, Odell and Gibbs have nothing but the cherished recollection of previous smiles bestowed upon them by Platt, and smiles that are past turn no mill wheels to-day nor boil any eggs for to-morrow's breakfast. Unless Platt aligns himself anew with them they might as well try to row a boat up Niagara Falls as oppose the Albany junta.

All of which, as a narrative, has small interest for the public, but the moral of it is beautiful. And the moral is that it is dangerous to a political machine to become over strong. The army in the field, with the enemy's guns boring holes in it, is one thing. The same army at ease in the conquered province, with nothing to do but get fat and rich, is quite another.

The election of Mr. Bailey as the leader of the minority in the House of Representatives is quite a compliment to a young man who has made a specialty of the Constitution, but the Democratic National Convention for the selection of a Presidential ticket will be held as usual in 1900, notwithstanding the enthusiastic assertions of the young Texan's friends. There will be a vast amount of political history made during the next four years.

After starting in the contest by shying his gauntlet at the Vice-Presidency, the Hon. H. Clay Evans, of Tennessee, managed to emerge with the office of Commissioner of Pensions. This is a decided come-down, but Mr. Evans's calibre may be imagined by the fact that no one expects him to decline the place.

Secretary Sherman has appointed to a subordinate position in the Department of State an ex-member of the Ohio Legislature who is under indictment for bribery. It may be that Mr. Sherman is kept so busy with his memory that he was unable to recollect this flaw in the gentleman's record.

It is announced that the Hon. Calvin S. Brice is to build a house in Ohio. Possibly he intends it to be in the nature of a testimonial to the Ohio people for permitting themselves to go without representation in the United States Senate for a period of six years.

The farmers of the West ought to be very pleased with the Dingley bill. It does the handsome thing by the Vermont maple sugar industry.

A DINNER OF REGRETS.

By Edward W. Townsend.

In George Marsden's manhood his college days remained his one sentimental memory, undimmed as the hard working years went by—growing deeper and more vivid, indeed, like the thoughts of a boyish love in one whose later years bring no rival romance. His college had been his boyish love, in which his classmates shared the wealth and ardor of his affections. They never guessed this, for the shy, scholarly Westerner had no intimates, and belonged to no set. His slight lameness kept him out of all athletics, and his frugal allowance gave him no place in the club and society life of the college.

He was as little known as any man of his class, yet no man knew more about the others than did Marsden, as his rapturous letters to his mother told.

She had come from college people, and persisted in the long struggle which was necessary to overcome her husband's reluctance to send their only child "back East," for what in his opinion was a useless and extravagant education. The mother urged and had her way, but the rich millman was obdurate in the matter of spending money, and George was supposed by any of his classmates who ever gave the matter a passing thought to be a poor man's son, struggling for an education.

However, it was to George four years of romance, of ideal existence; from which he returned to his home with such emotions as would have been more comprehensible had he parted from a promised sweetheart for whom he was going out into the world to make a fortune.

His life was instinct with some such thought, too, for he entered eagerly into the never-ending hard grind of his father's business, saying to himself, "I will make myself rich to endow my college; to go to New York, where so many of my classmates are, and become one of their society; renew with them all those dear associations."

But for fifteen years there was no chance for reuniting with those old and romantic associations. The mill business grew until it wore out the elder Marsden; but a year after his death the widow and son willingly closed with the offer of a syndicate to take over the vast money-making plant, and came to New York; anticipating the joy of a dream to be realized when George should resume the romance of his college days.

The day before they started he wrote twenty letters to the men whose New York business, residence or club addresses were known to him.

As soon as he had registered at the Waldorf he asked eagerly for his mail, and was shocked when he learned that there was none.

The next morning there was a letter. It ran thus:

"Dear Marsden: I am glad to hear you are returning to civilization. Whenever you are in town look me up at one of the clubs to which I am sending you cards."

This was signed with the name of a man he had seen at the hotel, but who had not recognized him.

"He knew I was here, then," mused George, mournfully, "and though he was in the hotel he did not ask for me."

A later mail brought him visitors' cards from three clubs.

He talked the situation over with his mother, who advised that formal invitations to a dinner be sent to his classmates, and this George did; tempering the formality, however, with expressions of the pleasure he anticipated in renewing the acquaintance of his expected guests.

On the following day there came half a dozen formal regrets, almost identical in wording, and one effusive acceptance. From the others nothing was heard.

Mrs. Marsden and George supposed that those who had not declined would come, so no alteration was made in the dinner order. "Some of the fellows who declined may drop in after the other engagements they speak of," said George hopefully, "so we'll have the table prepared for twenty-one."

Frank Homer, the man who accepted, was the only one who came to the dinner. He was received in Mrs. Marsden's parlor, for the widow had expressed an eager desire to meet her son's friends.

Homer was faultlessly dressed and he was polite—over polite—in his greetings. While they still supposed that other guests would arrive, Homer was plied with questions about the men of the class, and though his answers were glibly confident, his listeners soon discovered that they were random guesses.

As the time passed and it became evident that the others were not coming, Homer's confidence and assertiveness grew. George was sick at heart when, a half hour after dinner had been announced, he said, with a forced laugh:

"Well, Homer, you and I will begin the feast without waiting for the others."

The idea crossed his mind of abandoning the private dining room and taking his single guest to the cafe, but he could not give up the belief that others would come, so the two men sat down to a table prepared for twenty-one.

For a time George was almost unconscious of Homer's presence, and did not notice his amazing consumption of wine until he was suddenly aroused to his guest's condition by his insolent braggadocio.

It must have been his instinct, for he had no experience in such matters, that then revealed to him Homer's true character—a drunken sponger.

The distressing dinner came to a close at last, when Homer, after a third glass of brandy, ordered a waiter to bring him pen and ink. The waiter obeyed, and Homer, taking a blank check from his pocket, filled it out, saying to the waiter: "Take that to the office and have it cashed for me," but turned instantly to George and said: "Perhaps you have the amount in your pocket, old man; it's only a hundred."

Marsden, sore at heart, passed the amount over to his guest, who pocketed it, and then, filling a champagne glass with brandy, said with a grin: "Pardon me for not having congratulated you before, old man, on the sale of your mills. I saw an account of it in a financial paper, so I know that this sum is a mere trifle to you."

Marsden, with sudden determination, said stiffly:

"May I ask if that is why you accepted my invitation to dinner?"

Homer took up his brandy and drank it before he replied: "Why, old chap, you've been square with me, so I don't mind telling you that I came to your dinner because I should have gone without one otherwise."

Marsden groaned aloud. Homer regarded his host a moment with a pitying smile and then said:

"That check of mine may come back to you marked 'No Funds;' it's a way my checks have, so I'll square accounts by giving you some valuable advice: The next time you get up a class dinner, let me know a little in advance and I'll send the boys marked copies of that financial paper. Then you wont have any regrets."

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

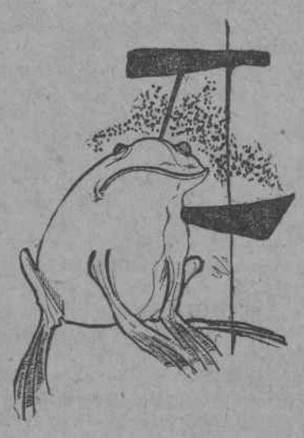
Academy of Music.....In Old Kentucky	Knickerbocker Theatre.....The Serenade
American Theatre.....At Piney Ridge	Lyceum Theatre.....The Mayflower
Bijou.....Courted Into Court	Madison Sq. Garden...Sportsmen's Exposition
Broadway Theatre.....El Capitan	Murray Hill.....Old Lavender
Columbus Theatre.....A Midnight Bell	Olympia—Music Hall, Vaudeville, 8:15 P. M.; Winter Garden, Bal Champetre, 11 P. M.
Daly's.....Meg Merrilies	People's Theatre.....Brother for Brother
Empire.....Under the Red Robe	Pastor's Theatre.....Vaudeville
Eden Musee.....World of Wax	Pleasure Palace—Music Hall, 1:30 P. M.; 7 P. M.
Fifth Ave. Theatre..Tess of the d'Urbervilles	Proctor's 23d St.—Continuous, Noon to 11 P. M.
Grand Opera House.....On Broadway	Star Theatre.....The Boys of Killarney
Garrick Theatre.....Never Again	Third Avenue Theatre.....True Irish Hearts
Garden Theatre.....Heartsease	Wallack's.....For Bonnie Prince Charlie
Hoyt's Theatre.....My Friend from India	Weber & Fields'.....Under the Red Globe
Herald Square.....The Girl from Paris	14th St. Theatre.....Sweet Inniscarra
Harlem Opera House....An American Beauty	
Huber's 14th St. Museum.....Vaudeville	
Keith's.....Continuous Performance	
Koster & Bial's.....Vaudeville	

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Fair, followed by cloudy weather; slightly warmer; easterly winds.

FABLES OF TO-DAY---No. 1.

The Ox and the Ambitious Frog, Being the Truthful Parable of the Shattered Rubber Trust.

By Æsop, Jr.



LITTLE Frog hopped over to his Father, who was sitting beside a Pool, on a hot Summer's night and exclaimed: "Oh, my Parent, I have seen such a terrible Monster. It was as big as a Mountain, its body was in the form of an Oil Tank and it had a long Iron Pipe for a tail. It smelt of Petroleum, and wherever it went the People got out of its way for fear of being crushed. Two smaller Monsters who dared to oppose its course were trodden upon and destroyed."

"Tush, child, tush," said the Old Frog, "that was merely Farmer White's Ox, a most benevolent Creature, who goes about doing as much good as he can. In fact, he has done so much good that he has waxed Fat and Strong and I am not surprised that he should have appeared to you as a terrible Monster."

"But, my dear Father," cried the little Frog, who, by the way, was made of India Rubber and could therefore skip about in a very lively manner, "I saw that Ox, as you call it, gobble up two or three smaller Beasts, and I am sure you don't call that a Benevolent Action?"

"Certainly, my son," replied the elder Frog, who had inherited his corpulency. "I call it a very Kind Act indeed, because the Winter is coming on and there is no more comfortable place to be found than inside the belly of that Ox. I dare say the Little Beasts have already found themselves in the very best of good company."

"But how about those poor little Creatures that he crushed just because they tried to browse on the Grass in the great big field in which he was feeding himself?" inquired the Little Frog. "Some of them were so small that it was a long while before he noticed them, and all that they ate did not amount to a single mouthful for him. Nevertheless, the very minute he saw them he pounced upon them and devoured them in spite of their Remonstrances."

"My dear little Son," rejoined the Sire, with a note of deep sagacity in his voice, "you have yet a great deal to learn. It is much better for us all that those Little Beasts of the Field should be crushed. Their bodies will serve to enrich the soil and, besides, at this period of the world's history, there is really no room for Small Creatures. They don't belong here, as they did earlier in the century when there was plenty of Good Grazing to be had for everybody. Why, a Big Monster, such as the one you saw, needs a Plot of Ground as big as a Western Prairie for himself, and if he were to allow every one to come into his Own Field who wanted to he would eventually be driven off the earth."

"But that is not his own Field," cried the Smaller Frog. "Some friends of mine who examined the Title Deeds to it awhile ago tell me that it is Common Land on which every one of us has a right to Browse. By what right, I would like to know, has that Monster appropriated it to his own use?"

"He appropriated it for the Very Excellent Reason that there was no one there to dispute the first claim that he made to its possession."

"And how did it happen that there was no one there?"

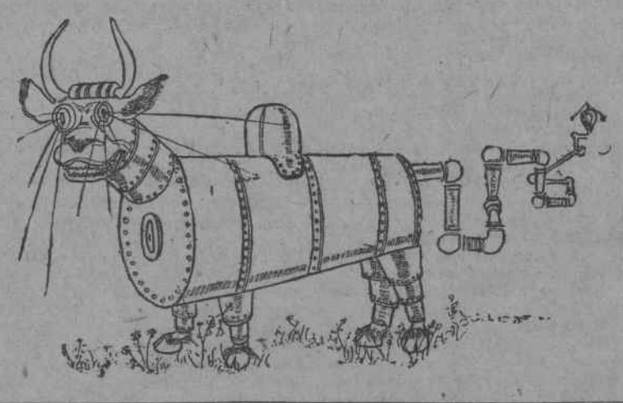
"Because he came as a th—I mean because he happened to come at Midnight, when no one was there to see him. At first he gazed in one corner of the Lot, but by degrees he secured control of the Whole of it, and now it belongs to him. As I said before, it is better that it should be so."

The little India Rubber Frog remained silent for a moment, and then said: "I wonder if I could not make myself as big as that Monster who has an Oil Tank for a Body and a Pipe for a Tail." With these words he began to puff and distend himself, at the same time calling to his Father to note the Rapid Increase in his Size.

"He was almost as big as this," he exclaimed, and then continued to puff himself still more. "See!" he cried, "In another moment the India Rubber Monster will be as Big as that Great Ox," but the words had scarcely passed his lips when he burst with a Loud Report, and two Huge Fragments of dead Frog reposed on the Grass where one Live One had been sitting but a moment before.

MORAL.

This fable teaches us that the greater the trust the greater the likelihood of its bursting, and that even one as elastic as the India Rubber Trust can be distended beyond the point of endurance. We find also in this fable an intimation that the disintegration of the India Rubber Trust that began two days ago is likely to be followed by the collapse of more of these mercantile monsters.



FITZ.

Fitzsimmons, Fitzsimmons, Fitzsimmons has won,
And now of the ring he's the biggest big gun;
His fame is be-trumpeted over the world
Since Corbett he into oblivion hurled.
He let out the fin
That no fighter can flout,
And they counted Fitz in
When they counted Jim out.

Hurrah for Fitzsimmons, the hurricane pet;
A new star has risen, an old one has set.
Hurrah for the victor and vanquished alike!
And where is the man who the new gun will spike?
He made Corbett spin
Like a top all about,
And they counted Fitz in
When they counted Jim out.

Hurrah for the music of Corbett's tattoo
That spoiled the fair curves of the lank kangaroo.
Hurrah for his uppercuts, counters and jolts
That seemed to be buried e'en as Jove's thunderbolts,
Though lively his "shin,"
With no twinges of gout,
They counted Fitz in
When they counted Jim out.

With arnica dripping, Fitz knows in his glee
The meeting of yesterday wasn't a tea.
For bruises, contusions and various "barks"
Now gleam on his visage like strawberry marks.
Although he did win,
He was once near the "spout"—
But they counted Fitz in
When they counted Jim out.

Oh, now that he's fought for the belt hard and well,
May he wear it as long as the only John L.,
And yet he'll remember for many a day
The thumping he took for the laurel and bay,
And won by the skin
Of his teeth the big bout
When they counted him in
And they counted Jim out.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE OFFICE BOY'S CARNIVAL DAY.

Yesterday was the office boy's carnival day. From 12 o'clock noon, until soon after 4, when the result of the great fight was made known, business throughout the whole city was partially paralyzed because it was impossible to keep office boys, district telegraph boys and other minor members of the mercantile community away from the bulletin boards, and other centres of information. Messengers sent at 1 o'clock for the priest or doctor, did not stop as usual to play marbles or spin tops or read the "Shorty" books. They proceeded at once to Park row and penetrated to the very heart of the enormous throng that had gathered in front of the Journal bulletin. There they remained, heedless of duty's call, eagerly reading each bulletin as it appeared before them, and cheering lustily for their favorites. Meanwhile gray-haired bankers and merchants shouted in vain for some one to carry their messages. A boy sent to the corner on an errand, could not be looked for again until the close of the fight, and by 2 o'clock that fact became generally recognized throughout the business part of the city.

The most envied of all office boys in the town were those employed in the newspaper offices to handle the dispatches as fast as they came in, for it was they who learned the result of each round several seconds in advance of the assemblage in Park row. There were fully a dozen boys employed in this pleasing duty in the Journal office yesterday, running with incredible swiftness from the telegraph room where the dispatches were coming in thick and fast to the different parts of the building where their coming was eagerly awaited by compositors or editors or guests.

It is certain that the office boy record for sprinting was beaten yesterday by the lad who came flying along the long corridor from the telegraph room to the headquarters of the advertising department, where a score of invited guests were assembled, and blurted out the exciting intelligence "Fitz w[illegible]" Not a marble was shot in that b[illegible]he moment of his flight. The [illegible]still. There was but one [illegible]nd and that was to be the [illegible]ings. That lad has es[illegible]hich others of his [illegible]t to equal, and if [illegible]he year that lies

"The Boys of Kilkenny."

Kilkenny boys, while not nearly as popular as Kilkenny cats—an article that is world-renowned—have nevertheless been deemed worthy of immortalization by a young playwright called Townsend Walsh. It had been my popular belief for so long that nothing ever came from Kilkenny but cats that I hied me with alacrity to the Star Theatre yesterday to dispel my absurd notion by means of the new play, "The Boys of Kilkenny." It was at a matinee and the enormous audience was in the streets watching the Corbett-Fitzsimmons bulletins and the verdant celebration of St. Patrick's day. Consequently I was able to observe Mr. Walsh's effort more comfortably, for the outbursts of applause and the tumultuous enthusiasm were also on the streets with the audience.

I have come to the conclusion that Kilkenny boys lack the intensity, the tragic passion, the ferocity of Kilkenny cats. They were tame. Their most entertaining features were their costumes, that belonged to the 1840 vintage; their remarkable readiness to stand in groups of four and sing, and their untrammelled virtue. Kilkenny must be a glorious place. Its boys adore all that is good and hate all that is evil. The gossoons are addicted to extreme gallantry and excessive right, and live in persistent awe of the parish priest, who at the Star Theatre was a dreadfully meddlesome person, very partial to gallery speeches. If such a thing were possible, I should say that these boys strongly resembled a great many others that have posed in Irish plays. Still, I am unwilling to disturb Mr. Walsh's illusions. Perhaps these Kilkenny boys exhibited feats of extraordinary interest, but I could not discover them. Give me the cats any day.

Mr. Walsh's play, however, will pass muster. Although downtown audiences prefer their dramas a trifle more spicy, and more emotionally riotous, "The Boys of Kilkenny" possesses sedative qualities that in these days of nervous disorders cannot safely be voted disagreeable. The imagination is never taxed. You know precisely what is going to happen as soon as the curtain is lifted, and you are introduced to the noble-hearted colleen Mona O'Hara, who is supposed to be very beautiful. She is in love with Matt Annesley, who looks like an advertisement for unsafe bicycles, while her hand is sought in marriage by a profligate programmed as Beresford Dugan.

The catch-phrase of the piece is "Keep cool, Beresford," and it is uttered by the villain-accomplice, Michael Dugan. The enormous audience that was on the streets yesterday watching the bulletins and the parade would have roared with laughter at this catch-phrase. Three people in the gallery chuckled persistently. Beresford Dugan, however, didn't keep cool. When he has become a good actor he may possibly learn to do so. He was very uneasy and visibly ashamed of himself. As a profligate, moreover, he was a failure. Such an exceedingly docile and colorless person couldn't possibly have been a profligate. However, that fact is more a question of cast than of play.

The sweet colleen, Mona, rejects him with pathos rather than with anger. She is hurt and grieved, for her heart is with Matt, compared with whom even the profligate Beresford is a dashing, rebellious Lothario. Her father, who is a miser, and who plays the star part with much emphasis and more make-up, favors the suit of the profligate. It is all dreadfully unsatisfactory for three acts. The Kilkenny boys make real hay with real rakes, and sing real songs with real fervor while the love story is being told. Nothing really happens until Act III.

In this act the miser is alone in his kitchen. He tells the audience (the audience yesterday being on the streets couldn't, of course, hear him) that he has had an awful dream. He has seen himself in a coffin, and is very much oppressed. The villain and the accomplice climb in through a window, wearing masks, and hungry for cash. The miser is bound and forced to reveal the whereabouts of five hundred guineas. The fiends make away with their booty. Rescuers rush in when it is too late to rescue—after the approved style of rescuers—and Matt Annesley is accused of the crime. You were quite sure that he would be accused of something, and if this robbery had not occurred, no possible charge, other than that of making hay, could have been brought against him.

"I have evidence that he is innocent," cries Mona as the curtain bell tinkles for descent. But the evidence, she declares, is merely in her heart (an organ which, in stage heroines, is generally situated near the left shoulder), and it is not enough. Dire despair lurks in the vicinity of the Kilkenny boys until the fifth act comes to put them out of their misery and end the drama happily.

Mr. Walsh must owe his cast a grudge. It is a rather hopeless cast. The bright spots are few. The playwright himself captures the miser role and plays it with keen relish. But Mr. Walsh's ideas of characterization run to make-up rather than to dramatic light and shade. His work was cut and dried. Miss Tessie Deagle as the beautiful Mona was not unpleasing, and Charles Sullivan as Tim redeemed the masculine side of the cast from disgrace. The profligate role, assigned to Walton Townsend, was unnecessarily amusing. Villains are surely not such wretchedly inanimate creatures as Walton Townsend would have us believe, and they should, at any rate, know what to do with their arms. Joseph F. Healey as the hero was equally doleful. The race of heroes would absolutely become extinct if Mr. Healey had his way, and that would be a calamity that we simply couldn't endure. Bessie Lea Lestina made things a trifle less unlively than her associates. It was not difficult to do this.

Kilkenny boys may have their uses on the stage, but for entertainment commend me to the world renowned cats.

ALAN DALE.

The Merry Jester.

"It must be a good deal of a strain to run a trolley car," said the talkative man on the platform.

"You bet it is," said the motorman. "Why, when I go along fer two or three weeks without runnin' over anybody I git so nervous I can't eat or sleep."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A young man was sitting in a Coliamer car the other night, busy with his paper. Mechanically, he fished a half dollar out of his pocket, and handed it to the conductor when the latter came along, saying:

"Give me a new hand."

"A what?" the conductor asked.

"Oh," said the young man, blushing, "I mean give me some tickets."—Cleveland Leader.

"I hear that Goldy is going to take a company to Cuba to help the insurgents. He thinks there's rich plunder in it."

"Doesn't surprise me a bit. I found that he was a freebooter when I asked him for his daughter."—Detroit Free Press.

"Did you read that Rev. Tom Dixon said that the most beautiful sight in the world is a beautiful woman on a beautiful horse?"

"Guess the Rev. Tom never sat behind four aces."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.